OWNTOWNER
OTOR INNS

This is my last
word on the football—
baseball controversy.

James Kunert
Central ..... 26.
b.2..195
Good field. no hit

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CBS
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Dear Irv,

It was a fascinating, informative show, the best thing ever done on the subject of course, and it made me proud for you! You are amassing a hell of a body of work, as they say about novelists. A triumph --- which made me forget the earlier defeat, even.

As ever,

Reuven

March 29.

CBS
NEWS
A Division of CBS Inc.
524 West 57 Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 765-4321

Dear Irv,

Hell, I don't know what you are complaining about. I remember saying hello last October, and before that, in April, 1974. No, no, no, it is not lack of love or the fact that you want to take away my single-shot .22. It's been rusting away in my folks' chickenhouse for 15 years; let the Commies have the damn thing. No, it is not disaffection or ideology, it is just that I am out of town all the time combined with my natural sloth. You have just forgotten what it is like trying to do a story every week. I am still trying to get along out here without any help, and have been in a more or less steady panic since the spring of '75, letting friendship, sleep and food, if not drink, go to hell. If it were not raining right this minute out there on the Padre Island beach, I'd be doing a story about a boomerang salesman. Son of a bitch is afraid to get wet.

Anyway, you are right. We must have lunch sometime, as they say. But considering what happened to UCLA in the Apricot Bowl and to UNC in the Tuberous-Rooted Begonia Bowl, what will we talk about? I know! Don Hewitt! I will call you next I return, which will be whenever the cold rain stops falling on the Rio Grande Valley and I get up To Vicksburg and do the story about the black nightclub owner with the prayer room in the back of his joint, which will put me back on schedule. Who's Who may be another prime-tim e bonanza for Rather, but to me it is a cavernous maw.

Meantime, as your Christmas card said: Pax.

As ever,

Charles.

And love to Suzanne. c.

Near Port Isabel, Tex.
January 6.

Charles Kuralt

Dear Irv,

Thought you might like to see some of the stuff they are writing about Hong Kong back here.

As ever,

Charles

April 22, 1997

Penthouse 1601 · 119 West 57th Street · New York, NY 10019 · Telephone: (212) 333-2200

CHARLES KURALT

Jan. 23

Dear Irv –

Emil Boedrick vs. Cazzie Russell, one more time!

Bill Bradley plays his last college game!

Ford and Bouton pelted!

This shows how often we re-line our closet shelves around here.

We're looking forward to Nova Jan. 29. I'm putting together 2-3 pieces a night for the duration, or until WWIII breaks out, so envy you the chance to do something fine.

Love, as ever,

C.

UCLA Wins NCA Again; Princeton 3d

BRADLEY'S 58 A RECORD. SEE IRVING T. MARSH, PAGE 2.

Sports
Boating
Automotive
Mail Order
Stamps

The Sunday
Herald Tribune

4

ARCH 21, 1965

IN SPORTS THIS MORNING

Dodgers Rap Yanks; Ford, Bouton Pelted

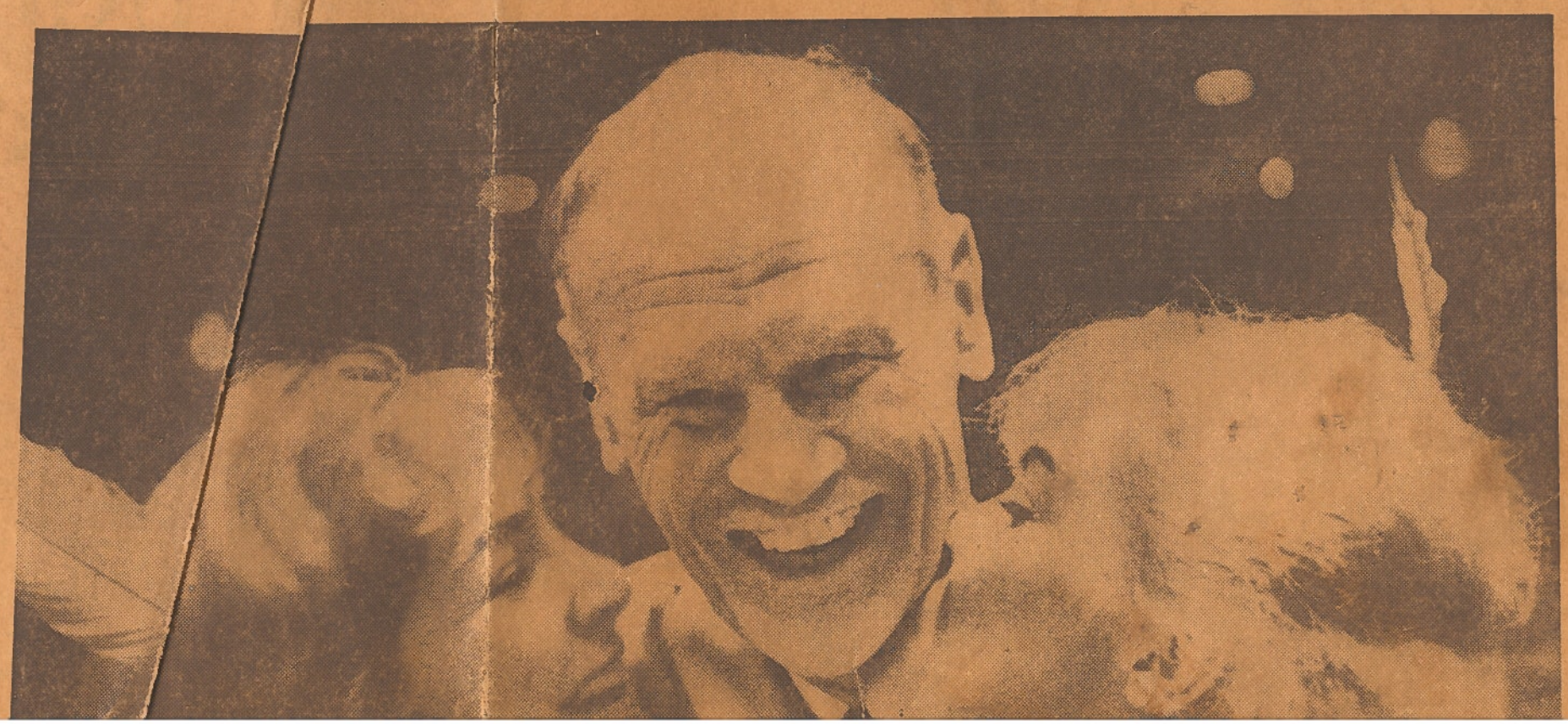
The collapsible Yankees must feel they are in a rut. They dropped their fourth straight exhibition game, losing to the Dodgers, 9-6, at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., as Whitey Ford and Jim Bouton were rapped for 11 of Los Angeles' total of 13 hits. Tommy Holmes describes the debacle on Page 3.

Bird Watching

It rained in the morning at St. Petersburg, Fla., and the chronicler of baseball spring training wandered into the St. Louis Cardinals' clubhouse to do some eavesdropping before interviewing Dick Sisler, Cincinnati manager. For Red Smith's visit with the Red Birds turn to Page 2.

Rookie's Big Thrill

Joe' Day: St. John's, 55-51



starting third baseman for the game against the Chicago White Sox. He went 0-for-3 and drew a base on balls in four trips to the plate as the Mets lost another close one, 3-2.
Bob Sales' story on Page 3.

Cupid Conquers All

In spite of the chill at Aqueduct yesterday a pair of West Coast visitors—jockey Bill Mahorney and Cupid, a four-year-old gelding—proved a red-hot combination in winning the 56th running of the Paumonok by eight lengths in the snow. Ed Sinclair gives the particulars on Page 3.

Rack 'Em Up

Taking their cue from the sponsoring Billiard Room Proprietors of America, who have anted up $12,500 in prize money, 15 of the best pool shooters in the country set their sights on the world pocket billiards championship which will be held in the Hotel Commodore this week.
Turn to Page 4 for further [illegible]

Herald Tribune—UPI telephoto

END—Princeton coach Bill von Breda watches helplessly as his Tigers go down feat in the NCAA basketball semifinals.

Herald Tribune photo by TED KELL

St. John's cheerleaders Eileen Devine (left) and Pat Jennings plant kisses on coach Joe Lapchick's cheeks after the game.

Lapchick's Boys Win NIT

By Sam Goldaper
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

him. The fans stormed the police line to raise him on their shoulders and parade him around the court. It was Joe Lapchick's sweetest day in 50 years of playing and coaching basketball. He went into retirement a winner, with the gift of an unprecedented fourth National Invitation Tournament championship from his St. John's basketball team. The Redmen stood off a late rally to defeat top-seeded Villanova, 55-51, before a capacity crowd of 18,499 at Madison Square Garden yesterday afternoon.

Villanova, trailing by as many as 14 points during a poor shooting first half, stormed back to within one point with Jim Washington and George Leftwich leading the spirited surge back. The tension remained right to the final buzzer.

Excitement reigned in the consolation game, too. Dick Murray's corner jump shot with six seconds remaining gave Army a 75-74 victory over NYU.

The best assessment of the St. John's success came for Lapchick in the delirium of the dressing room. "They blew a good lead but never did they falter. They got the big basket. They're solid guys."

The big play was Bobby McIntyre's three pointer with 6:03 remaining in the game. Bobby scored out of the pivot and drew a foul from Jim Washington as a bonus. The three points gave St. John's a 53-49 advantage. It was the last field goal scored by the Jamaica Indians. Eric Erickson narrowed it down to 53-51 with 3:53 left and that was the only scoring until Jerry Houston sealed the triumph with two free throws with three seconds to go.

Before Houston hit with his two [illegible] St. John's players [illegible] chances to ease the tension and ice the game. Both were from the foul line. With 1:04 left Kenny Wirell missed the first of a 1-1 bonus opportunity. Fourteen seconds later Sonny Dove, the sophomore center, failed in the same situation.

Here Villanova had a chance to even it up. They took possession with 50 seconds left and worked the ball around for the one shot that could tie. However, with 21 seconds to go Bernie Schaffer was charged with a walking violation and their hopes all but disappeared.

The Wildcats were greatly hampered by the loss of Bill Melchionni for most of the game. The little backcourtman, who had averaged 19.9 for the season, sat on the bench most of the game with swollen glands from a virus. When he did play he was rather ineffective and he scored only four points.

To make St. John's success complete, Kenny McIntyre, who led the scoring with 18 points, bringing his four-game tourney output to 101, won the Most Valuable player award, the fifth St. John's player in the 28 years of this, the first big post-season tournament, so honored.

Kenny played his best in the first half when he collected 12 points, shooting over and going through the Wildcats' highly touted zone which had carried them to a 23-4 record. About the only thing the elder of the McIntyre brothers did wrong was to miss from the free throw line near the end of the first half. That snapped his streak of 29 successive fouls during the tournament and 42 overall.

Much of St. John's second half woes accrued because of Kenny's foul trouble. With 14:45 remaining he [illegible] took him out a couple of minutes later and didn't send him back until 6½ minutes remained. The Redmen had to operate without his fire power until he came back with a little over six minutes remaining.

It was a grand climax to the 20 years of coaching for Lapchick at St. John's. Joe's name tops the record as having won the nation's oldest post season tournament more times than any other coach. His previous successes were back-to-back in 1943 and '44 and again in 1959.

Yesterday's victory was St. John's 21st against eight losses, including a victory in the ECAC Holiday Festival. The Redmen had risen to the occasion and whipped Michigan for the championship.

"It was just like 1958-59," said Joe, his face smudged with lipstick. "We started off great, won the Holiday Festival, went into the doldrums toward the end of the season but came back to win the NIT. Only it means more today because I wasn't retiring then."

St. John's shooting was a splendid 50 per cent, in the first half, 16 for 32. Kenny McIntyre and Dove scored 12 points with four of Dove's coming on tap ins of Kenny's misses. The 6-7 sophomore was in the right places for the taps and the rebounds.

The hot shooting Villanova had displayed in its two previous NIT victories, especially against NYU in the first half of the semi-final, was missing. In the first half they shot 12 for 29 and finished 22 for 59. Only Washington's 6 for 9 and Leftwich's 7 for 16 were respectable. On the other hand, St. John's just missed 50 per cent for the game with 23 for 48, which included 7 for 12 shooting by Dyer, 6 for 11 by Bobby McIntyre and [illegible] by Stokes Reed.

Army heroics have become a trademark in their last two NIT appearances.

Trailing, 65-61, with 6:44 remaining, NYU put on an eight-point burst, six by Stan McKenzie, who collected 14 of his 20 points in the second half to lead his team out of some atrocious first-half shooting. The rush gave the Violets a 68-65 advantage, their first of the second half with 4:45 remaining. After John Ritch and McKenzie traded off fouls, Dennis Shantz' layup cut the NYU advantage to 70-69 with 3:15 left.

Dick Murray's two fouls with 50 seconds remaining brought the Cadets to within a point, 74-73. After Dyer missed his second bonus shot 25 seconds later the stage was set for Murray's victorious corner jumper.

Silliman and Ritch had 20 points each for the Cadets who finished off with a 21-8 record, more victories than any basketball team in Army history.

CHAMPIONSHIP

ST JOHN'S	G	F	P
Duerr	1	0	2
Wirell	0	0	0
B. McIntyre	6	4	16
Dove	7	0	14
Houston	1	3	5
K. McIntyre	8	2	18
Swartz	0	0	0
Totals	23	9	55

VILLANOVA	G	F	P
Soens	2	0	4
Erickson	3	0	6
Kenny	0	0	0
Washington	6	6	18
Leftwich	7	1	15
Melchionni	2	0	4
Schaffer	2	0	4
Totals	22	7	51

Half—St. John's, 36-28.

CONSOLATION

ARMY	G	F	P
Silliman	8	4	20
Murray	5	5	15
Seigle	1	0	2
Ritch	7	6	20
Heikie	0	0	0
Shantz	3	1	7
Schrage	0	2	2
Isenhaur	0	0	0
Kosciusko	3	3	9
Mikula	0	0	0
Totals	27	21	75

NEW YORK U.	G	F	P
McKenzie	8	4	20
Kaplan	1	3	5
Bennett	3	3	9
Galliard	7	0	14
Levine	0	0	0
Graham	9	3	21
Fisch	0	0	0
Dyer	1	3	5
Totals	29	16	74

Half—Army, 38-34.

Between Showers: Red Bd Watching in Florida

RED SMH

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla.

THE morning was gray, gusty and showery, and the Cardinals dawdled in their clubhouse, playing cards, hooting the breeze, just loafing. Joe Becker, the coach f pitchers, was talking hopefully—as everybody talks the spring—of Ray Washburn, who was strictly egg-l-the-beer winning his first five games in 1963, then roke down and has been of little service since.

"I think his trouble was only muscular," Joe said, lown here behind the shoulder. I think he was doing l his throwing with his arm. I got him to get a little p action and kick off hard with the hind foot so he'd t his whole weight into the pitch. It was awkward r him at first, but he looks a lot looser now than he d anytime last year."

When Johnny Keane managed the Cardinals he ld Washburn seemed to feel he had to pitch a no-tter every time out.

"It's a good attitude," Becker said, "I've talked to ndy Koufax about it. He says he always starts out r a no-hitter, and then if they get a hit his aim is pitch a shutout."

ALKING about third basemen, and the best of them are in his own family, Ken Boyer was saying that st errors by rookies at the position are throwing rors. "You don't realize at first how much time you ve. After a year or two, a young fellow should cut se errors down a lot."

"Did you ever see Ken Keltner?" he was asked.

"No."

"He always read Will Harridge's signature on the ball. You thought he'd never throw it. But the ball always got there ahead of the runner."

"Must've had a fine arm," Boyer said. "I never had a chance to see Billy Cox with the Dodgers, either. They tell me he was fine."

"I never saw a finer one on defense," a guy said, "except maybe a relative of yours. I think Clete could have been a fine shortstop, too."

"I'm not so sure," Cletis Boyer's brother said. "It's pretty hard for a fellow with heavy legs and wide rear to go far to his left. When you talk about top shortstops, you're talking about a Luis Aparicio or a Marty Marion. But I'm not writing Clete off. He can play that line, and he can do one thing nobody does. He can sit flat on his stern and throw to first base. You try it. I know I can't do it."

"Did Clete always have great reflexes as a kid?"

"He was an All-State basketball player. I think you can u

"Bell by watching 'em in that game."

star, t ie Allen, of the Phils, was a basketball

"An

THE R as great reflexes," Boyer said firmly.

to im had waited in Tampa for the weather

field wh arrived at last and straggled onto the

puddles. ndskeepers were spreading dry sand in

"We' ker was still talking about Washburn.

why we t looking for a fourth starter. That's

Bob Purke or Tracy Stallard from the Mets and

back to wh the Reds. Now, if Ray could come

been lookin was in '63, we'd really be fixed. We've

him to work warm day to use him. I scheduled

a night gam day and when I did I forgot it was

we set it back ught the evening might be cool, so

"What co was a nice night and now it's cold."

was saying. " he pennant last year?" Dick Sisler

Sisler was y to hit a fly ball."

when Fred Hu nati's manager pro-tem last year

of the team th n was sick. Now he's head man

nine straight while the Phillies were swooning, picked up seven-and-a-half games in seven days, and led by a full game opening the season's final week.

"So we went sixteen innings with the Pirates," Sisler said, "and five times in the extra innings we had a runner on third base where any kind of fly would score him. We never got it, and lost, 1-0. That was one game. "Inability to keep a cool head was another thing. That cost us a game, and we only lost by one."

THAT was the game when a pop fly dropped behind second base while Leo Cardenas, the shortstop, was brooding about the Phillies' Chris Short, who had speared him in the ribs with a pitch. Jim O'Toole, who had a three-hit shutout at the time, got licked, 4-3. More than words passed between pitcher and shortstop in the clubhouse.

"There was talk about it," Sisler agreed, "but the point is, that was another game we should have won. We had a three-run lead in the eighth with a good pitcher working.

"But then," he said, "sometimes we got lucky. One day Chico Ruiz stole home—the steal wasn't on—with Frank Robinson at bat. Right in the middle of the ball game, too, about the sixth inning. Figure the odds on Robinson getting a hit or the runner stealing home, and I've got to take Robinson. Ask Ruiz why he went, well, 'I thought I could make it.'

"So he did make it, and we won that one, 1-0."

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UCLA Repeats, Routs Michigan

By Irving T. Marsh
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

PORTLAND, Ore.

Just as Joe Lapchick, the reat coach at St. John's had owed out yesterday by set-ng a record for NIT titles few hours earlier on one ast, Bill Bradley, the great sketball player at Prince-bowed out by setting ing records for NCAA play he other coast last night. st before UCLA success-f defended its champion-sby licking Michigan, the B en champions, 91-80, in th nal before a record 13,-204 the Portland Coliseum, Bra ended his collegiate car by setting three tour-nam records while Prince-ton a team set two more in whali Wichita, 118-82, for

CHAMPIONSHIP

MICHIGAN	G.	F.	P.
Darden	8	1	17
Pomey	2	0	4
Buntin	6	2	14
Russell	10	8	28
Tregona	2	1	5
Myers	0	0	0
Ludwig	1	0	2
Clawson	3	0	6
Dill	1	2	4
Total	33	14	80

UCLA	G.	F.	P.
Erickson	1	1	3
Lacey	5	1	11
McIntosh	1	1	3
Goodrich	12	18	42
Goss	4	0	8
Washington	7	3	17
Lynn	2	1	5
Hoffman	1	0	2
Lyons	0	0	0
Galbraith	0	0	0
Chambers	0	0	0
Totals	33	25	91

Half: UCLA 47-34.

3d PLACE

WICHITA	G	F	P
Smith	3	7	13
Thompson	6	6	18
Leach	5	0	10
Pete	6	9	21
Criss	5	0	10
Reed	2	0	4
Nosich	1	2	4
Davis	1	0	2
Totals	29	24	82

PRINCETON	G	F	P
Haarlow	4	2	10
Bradley	22	14	58
Brown	3	1	7
Roderbach	7	2	16
Walters	3	0	6
Hummer	3	3	9
Koch	5	0	10
Shank	1	0	2
Neimann	0	0	0
Totals	48	22	118

Half: Princeton 53-39.

the floor and Michigan had almost as good an average, 14

And he gave a show that will be long remembered.

This time it was his teammates feeding him so that the record could be in his grasp. Even though their feeds sometimes weren't exactly on the mark, Bradley still made them count.

He was simply fantastic as he kept pouring that ball through the hoop. He made the last eight Tiger baskets, missing only one shot in the ten he took in the last four minutes. And he made them from underneath, from outside, on hooks, on jumps inside and outside, from the corners and from the distances.

When he had finished and Butch van Breda Kolff took him out with 37 seconds left, the crowd gave him the same

Herald Tribune photo by TED KELL

BOOSTERS TAKE OVER—Bob McIntyre and coach Joe Lapchick are lifted onto the shoulders of fans after yesterday's victory over Villanova in the NIT final at the Garden. Bob scored 16 points, his brother Ken 18 to pace the Redmen.

LAPCHICK: 'WHAT A WAY TO GO!'

By Harold Rosenthal
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

oe Lapchick left them smil- yesterday, the young ones the old ones, smiling oss a half-century of ketball. The shoulders- sting demonstration that pted after St. John's mo- ntous victory in the NIT al couldn't have been ught, couldn't have been ged. It was college kids ving tribute to one of the at coaches in what was the ap-up of his greatest day.

Was it?

n the dressing room the peccable grooming had been tisoned in a shouting shirt- eved interview. Among to- 's basketball players Joe's doesn't guarantee his arfing everyone in his au- nce, but among newspaper d radio men, stunted a little, naps by the swipes of out- ed fortune, he is still a nt; A rapid talking one, a aight-talking one.

'You're damned right this s the biggest," he said, "it d to be. What a way to go!

'That's some damned de- se, wasn't it?" he de- nded, "51 points. They can proud of that one ac- nplishment."

Swiftly he sketched the and flow of his greatest ching job in incisive okes.

'We blew a good lead, but ver did they falter," he d, "they got the big bas- when they had to. They're l solid guys."

"They were a fine team," ered Lapchick, anticipating e question. "We were just tter."

He explained that St. John's d been patterned for the ne, exploiting it for a 14- int edge during the first lf:

"When they changed," he ntinued, "we lost our way a while."

While Joe talked well-wish- s streamed into the small, aming dressing room, the Vincentian fathers of St. John's who are retiring him under the 65-year old mandatory rule, old Knicks like Carl Braun, old card-playing newspaper pals from hundreds of trips. He spotted Army's young coach, Tates Locke, whose club had beaten NYU in the last seconds for third-place honors.

"Hey Tates," he called, "It's not snowing out, the sun is shining."

Lapchick had watched most of the Army-NYU game from the side entrance which leads to the dressing rooms. He had sipped at a cup of black coffee, had shaken hundreds of hands.

An old newspaper pal came up and told him the latest story. There was no reaction by Lapchick for a few seconds, then his leathery face wreathed in a quick smile.

"Hey that's a good one. It's gotta be good for me to have heard it. Usually on a day like like this I don't hear a thing."

He heard a kid in a bulky sweater come up and say, "Good luck coach, the whole city is here for you. My father who hasn't seen you since he played for St. John's is here."

Joe noted the peculiar weather upon his farewell. "I can't ever remember it snowing," he said, "not for the NIT. I can remember when you could come to the game in just a sports jacket." Lapchick always liked that; he was never much of an overcoat man.

Okay, Joe, where do we go from here?

"Tomorrow" he said, "I'm going to Lexington, Ky., to coach the East team in the East-West All-Star game. Don't ask me who is on the team. All I know is that Kenny McIntyre made it. He got a letter telling him."

After that? "I have no plans, but I have several interviews." Lapchick has connection with Kinney; Kutsher's up in the mountains wants to talk with him, and the AAU basketball program, a kind of a stepchild in the headlines department has shown an interest in Joe. The biggest coup of all would be for him to come back to the Knicks, but the Knicks aren't built that way.

Chances are that Joe has coached his last game in the Garden, made his last trip to the water cooler with three [illegible] ing). He went out the big winner. And as he said it better than anyone else could have, "what a way to go!"

Forfeits Rock Arizona State

FLAGSTAFF, Ariz. (AP).

Arizona State College was ordered yesterday to forfeit every football and basketball victory in 1963 and 1964 in which players involved with coach Max Spilsbury in a classroom scandal took part.

Spilsbury has resigned, admitting he gave credit for some physical education courses to athletes who did not attend.

The incident reportedly involved four football players and one basketball player, but they have not been identified.

The regents ruled the students involved will be ineligible for athletic competition in 1965. The action was taken unanimously.

Colts Sign Halfback

BALTIMORE. (AP).

The Colts of the National otball League announced e signing of Al Snyder, for- r Holy Cross halfback, as a ee agent, yesterday. Snyder ayed at Holy Cross from 60 -62. He is attending Bos- n College law school.

St. John's Victory Tiny Glow in Selma

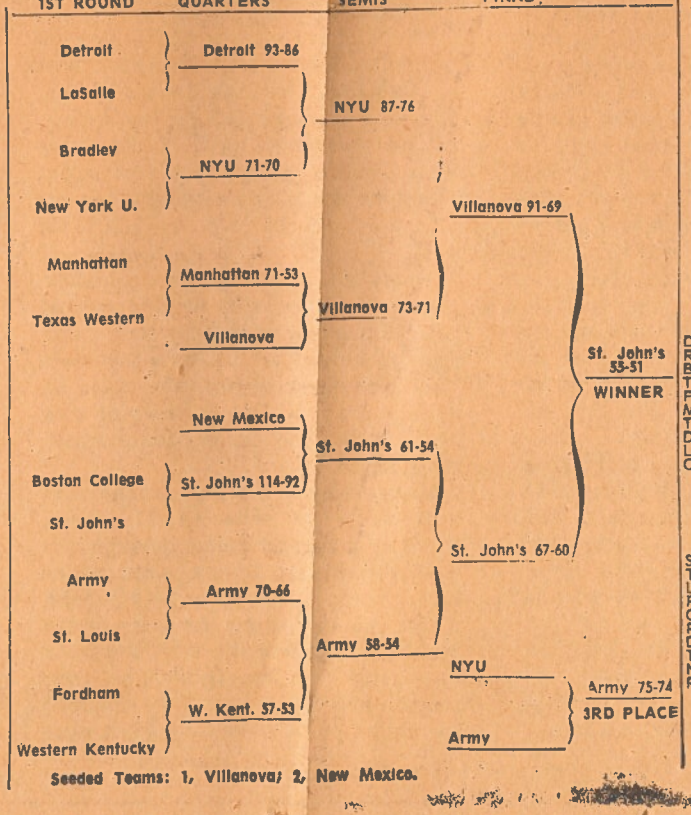
By Jimmy Breslin
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

SELMA, Ala.

In a room off the ancient, imposing lobby of the Albert Hotel, right under a framed sign which says "Chancery Sale of Eight Likely Negroes," Joe Lapchick's kids are playing basketball on the television. They are playing too slowly, trying to kill too much time between shots and they have everybody in the room worried. And then they are only two points ahead and the game is down to seconds and Villanova plays for the last shot. But this Schaffer tries to come across the middle and he walks and now one of Joe Lapchick's kids grabs the ball and Madison Square Garden in New York comes into this little room off the lobby of a hotel in Selma, Ala.

Now, Joe Lapchick, looking dazed, is on the screen. The lines are deep in his old face. Then his fist goes up into the air and everything in the day here changes. The misery of the civil rights struggle is two blocks away, were the beatniks kiss each other in the street and the white cops spit curses at them under their breath. The Half Moon Cafe is only around the corner. The Rev. James Reeb was murdered in front of it. But for this little minute yesterday afternoon, Joe Lapchick and his kids put Eighth Avenue into this room in a hotel in Selma. Lapchick won't forget yesterday for the rest of his life. And nobody who was stuck here will forget what this last victory of his did to a miserable day. Here was the good which human beings are supposed to have. It was nowhere else in Selma.

NIT Draw



brought it total for five games in the 1965 NCAA to 177 points, also a record. And he helped the Tigers set a new one-game scoing mark and a new five-game scoring record with 29 point. Bradley also broke the field oal record for one game with his 22, which he achieved in only 29 tries.

In the championship game, Michigan was no match for the UClans, who became the fifth team in NCAA hisory to win titles back-to-back. The Bruins had things completely their own way from the eighth minute of the first half on. They led by asmany as 20 points in the second and a completely new team finished the game in the last two minutes.

Gail Goodrich, of UCLA, scored 42 points in the 38-minutes he played. Cazie Russell had 27 for Michigan.

The early pat of the championship game was strictly a shooting contest as each team moved carefully and seemed to avoid a patterned attack.

But they warmed up after three or four minutes. With UCLA ahead [illegible] the Wolverines put [illegible] a six-point foray to take a [illegible] lead.

Michigan moved into a seven-point advantage with 12:30 left and that was the largest margin for a while. But with Kenny Washington playing the major role, the Bruins scored 11 in a row to regain the lead. Michigan tied at 24-all and again UCLA moved out.

This time the Uclans remained in front the rest of the half. In the final seven minutes, with Gail Goodrich and Washington really beginning to hit after some beautiful passing from underneath, they scored 21 points to 10 for the opposition, including another six-point sortie so when they left for the break with a 47-34 lead the Bruins seemed to have the situation well in hand.

UCLA shot 21 of 36 from break gave the Uclans the biggest bulge of the game, 15 points. A three-pointer by Bill Buntin reduced that, but then UCLA really began to move. In the next two minutes, the Bruins scored seven points to two for the Big Ten champions and ran away to a 17-point lead, 56-39.

The Bruins were shooting, running, passing and setting up their plays beautifully and seemed to have the situation well in hand.

After that the game began to take on the aspects of a rout. Washington, Mike Lynn and Goodrich—particularly Goodrich—began to riddle the Michigan defenses with long shots, drives, jump shots from the corner. With 12:25 remaining, the lead ballooned to 20 points, 71-51, and even though Michigan rallied immediately after with a five-point surge, UCLA appeared headed to repeat as champions.

In leading Princeton to its overwhelming victory, the magnificent Bradley was at his magnificent best. There never was any doubt as to the winner. The Tigers took the lead after 45 seconds and never gave it up. They were ahead, 53-39, at the half, with Bradley scoring 19. Then they boosted the advantage to 18 points after the first five minutes of the half. All question of a contest ceased.

So all interest centered on Bradley's last game as a member of the Princeton team (he may or may not play with the East-West College All-Stars a week hence at Lexington, Ky.).

what undoubtedly will be a great career, whatever field he chooses.

For his final performance, this is what Bradley accomplished:

¶Twenty-two baskets in 29 attempts.

¶Fourteen free throws in 15 attempts.

¶Seventeen rebounds.

¶Four assists.

In the second half when he scored 39 of his 58 points, Bradley made his first four, then missed. He made his next six, then missed two, and he wound up with six straight before he gave way to a replacement.

Even the nonbelievers in the press pews—and there were some from the hinterlands—grudgingly admitted that this was the greatest single performance ever staged.

Bradley's fire inflamed the entire Princeton team. After an easy first half the Tigers sloughed off a bit in the early minutes of the second. But when the inventor of Bradley-ball lit the fuse, they blew high with him. They totaled 48 field goals in 77 attempts for an average of .623. They made 32 free throws in 38 attempts for an average of .736. They outrebounded the Shockers, 49-21. They had 10 assists to one. Three others went into double figures, Don Rodenbach with 16 and Bob Haarlow and substitute Bill Koch with 10 each.

Inundated completely by this avalanche, the hapless Shockers still had their fieve starters in double figures, Kelly Pete leading with 21.

FRIDAY NIGHT

MICHIGAN

	G	F	P
Darden	6	1	13
Russell	10	8	28
Buntin	7	8	22
Tregoning	6	1	13
Pomey	2	2	6
Myers	1	0	2
Thompson	0	2	2
Dill	0	3	3
Ludwig	0	0	0
Clawson	2	0	4
Totals	34	25	93

PRINCETON

	G	F	P
Bradley	12	5	29
Haarlow	4	1	9
Brown	2	0	4
Walters	5	1	11
Rodenbach	2	2	6
Hummer	4	4	12
Koch	1	1	3
Kingston	0	2	2
Totals	30	16	76

Half—Michigan, 40—36.

WICHITA

	G	F	P
Smith	4	0	8
Thompson	13	10	36
Leach	6	0	12
Pete	6	5	17
Criss	4	0	8
Reed	2	1	5
Davis	1	0	2
Trope	0	0	0
Nosich	0	1	1
Reimond	0	0	0
Totals	36	17	89

UCLA

	G	F	P
Lacey	9	6	24
Erickson	1	0	2
McIntosh	4	3	11
Goodrich	11	6	28
Goss	8	3	19
Washington	4	2	10
Lynn	5	0	10
Chambers	0	0	0
Lyons	2	0	4
Levin	0	0	0
Galbraith	0	0	0
Hoffman	0	0	0
Totals	44	20	108

Wichita ..... 38 51—89
UCLA ..... 65 43—108

Clerical Curlers

Casting Stones Is No Sin

By the Canadian Press

TORONTO.

More than 150 clergymen came here from all over Canada and spent a good part of the week casting stones—curling stones, that is.

No championship was at stake but the clergy had fun.

They left behind tips on how to give vent to frustration on the ice:

"I never use profanity," said one minister.

"I merely fall back on my wide knowledge of Shakespeare for fitting quotations: 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon.' That's from Macbeth. Shakespeare is very good for curlers."

Another pastor confessed that he swore in Greek.

A Roman Catholic priest said he used Latin expressions to describe frustrating situations during a game.

And if lay curlers sometimes have difficulty figuring out who should throw the first stone, consider the plight of the clergy. They try to get a rink going with the announcement:

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

The 'spiel here was usually late getting started.